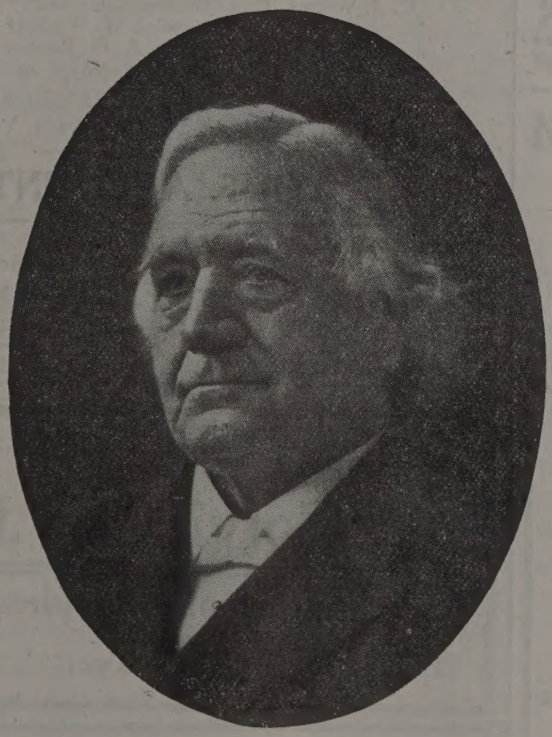
Volume LXX CHICAGO, DECEMBER 12, 1912 Number 15

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion



ROBERT COLLYER
1823—1912

CONTENTS

A Prayer 227

EDITORIAL—

Notes 227
Robert Collyer, the Inspirer 228
Union Services. PERCY M. DAWSON 229
The Question. *The British Weekly* 229
A Tower Hill Dinner. A. L. K. 230
Dirge. *Robert Underwood Johnson* 231
Something More Than Red Cross Relief Needed. CHARLES E. BEALS 232

THE STUDY TABLE—

De Vries on Mutation. FREDERICK STARR 233
A Bunch of Books. E. P. POWELL 233
What Shall We Say? DAVID STARR JORDAN 236
Immortal. *Florence Earle Coates* 236

THE FIELD—

Chinese Girls 237

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXX THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1912. NUMBER 15.

A PRAYER

Ah God, the morning sunlight on the pines
Is praise indeed.
Let me but feel thy spirit shines
Thus on my need
And I shall not attempt a prayer
To lift my daily load of care.

Let me but feel my nature turns its face
In hope to thee
In any time or need or place
And I shall be
As stalwart as the towering pines
On which thy morning sunlight shines.

HARRIET LAKE-BUREN.

Humboldt, Iowa, Unity Manse

Already woman's suffrage in Kansas is bearing fruit. It is reported that two hundred women were elected to county offices at the last election. Probate judges, district court clerks, registrars of deeds, county treasurers, clerks, superintendents, etc. Why not? Kansas will be the better administered for such elections.

The *Independent* calls the discriminating enactment concerning the Panama Canal "One of the most dangerous that has been passed by this, or any other, Congress, because it covers legislation that could never have been passed upon its merits; throws a heavy financial burden upon the American people; involves us in complications with European and American powers to an unspeakable extent; violates our treaties with England; puts us before the world as resorting to trickery to gain a commercial advantage, and destroys confidence in the arbitration movement." This is strong language but the *Independent* is a sane paper and its words deserve careful consideration.

Mrs. Hetty Green is not only a successful financier but one who carries a good stock of common sense. Indeed her mental, as well as physical, forces are correlated. She is now seventy-eight years of age, and has put forth a suggestive list of "Don'ts" for the guidance of inexperienced girls. We print them hoping that the young misses on their way to, or through, their college careers, or society adventures, will take them seriously:

Don't envy. Don't overdress. Don't fail to go to church. Don't eat anything but good, wholesome food. Don't cheat in your business dealings. Don't forget to be charitable. Don't forget to take a lot of exercise. Don't forget to obey the laws of God.

The passing of Albert K. Smiley, the genial host of Mohonk, will not create a ripple among the readers of the Society News, or the agitators and political adventurers interested in warships and the fortification of the Panama Canal, nevertheless a quiet power for good has passed out of sight. The sagacious Quaker, who in connection with his twin brother, converted the Lake Mohonk region into a park of surpassing beauty, also made it a shrine at which lovers of peace were wont to gather; a Mecca, dedicated to the rights of the Indian, the colored man, and all junior races. In the fullness of his eighty-second year, he has fallen on sleep. His going hence is a reminder of the rare fraternity of noble leaders, whom he has joined: Edward Everett Hale, Julia Ward Howe, George William Curtis, Robert Collyer and many more.

The *Methodist Recorder* has some suggestive comments on the action at a Socialist Congress recently held in Europe, from which was issued a manifesto calling upon all their members, and those of the laboring world, to set their faces against war. The manifesto declares: "The time has passed when the working classes of the world should shoot down one another for the profit of the capitalists, the pride of dynasties, or the exigencies of secret treaties." When the working men, the farmers, the toilers of every grade, who have always constituted the files of the army, understand their power and recognize their duty, war will become impossible. Then the officers, who represent the rank will make a poor exhibit. If great ethical and economic questions are to be settled by the gauge of battle, let the officers fight it out. If the men who provoke and order war had to do the fighting, the Era of International Peace would be at hand.

There was a lot of wholesome heresy exploited in the churches of Chicago last Sunday. The Rev. G. H. Ferris, of Philadelphia, speaking before the Sunday Evening Club, said: "Wilberforce fought forty years to free the slave and died one year before his work was successful. Optimism is not the reckless assurance that evil does not exist, but the belief that right will eventually win out..... The power of a great purpose leads one to forget to ask whether one is a pessimist or an optimist. One who will complain about sleeping on mattresses at a hotel in Monte Rosa, will be content to sleep on straw while climbing the Matterhorn." Dr Steiner, of Grinnel College, Iowa,

addressing the Federal Council of Churches now in session, said: "It is a sign of a decadent age when the man who carries the pickax is degraded, and the man who carries the golf sticks and the tennis racket is honored. The church of the *future* is not the automobile church, but the church of the baby-carriage. In Europe I found no relics of holy shekels, but I did find many holy nails and splinters from the cross, and the hammer that drove the nails." Again he said: "We must not slander each other. Certain vile sheets that are being circulated against the Roman Catholic Church are as much of an insult against our own churches as they are against the church towards which they are directed."

The Housing Committee of the Chicago Woman's Aid has issued a "Ten Commandments of Good Citizenship," which we gladly print below and heartily endorse. But these commandments are all concerned with the tenants. There lies back of these commandments the demand for a sterner code enforced with all the thunder of a scientific Sinai, which should concern itself with the tenement-builders and house owners. This code should demand "that houses have windows that are open to the light and air, that the old pest ridden rookeries be burned down, and that no rents be collectable on buildings that do not conform to building ordinances. There are hundreds of acres of shacks and "apartment" prisons that ought to be burned by authority of the City Council, under an act of condemnation, for in them obedience to the Ten Commandments printed below is impossible.

1. Thou shalt honor thy city and keep its laws.
2. Remember thy cleaning day and keep it wholly.
3. Thou shalt love and cherish thy children and provide for them decent homes and playgrounds.
4. Thou shalt not keep thy windows closed day or night.
5. Thou shalt keep in order thy alley, thy backyard, thy hall and stairway.
6. Thou shalt not kill thy children's bodies with poisonous air, nor their souls with bad companions.
7. Thou shalt not let the wicked fly live.
8. Thou shalt not steal thy children's right to happiness from them.
9. Thou shalt bear witness against thy neighbor's rubbish heap.
10. Thou shalt covet all the air and sunlight thou canst obtain.

Is it a ring of insincerity or a case of color-blindness that is evidenced in the revealments at Washington at the opening of Congress? What is the matter with President Taft, who spite of all his protestations against war, and his expressed faith in pacific measures, now regrets the loss of the one more battleship in last year's appropriation and begs for three, this year, in order to make up the deficiency. One could hardly expect anything other than this from the head of the War Department. Of course, Secretary Stimson talks of "Misplaced sentimentality or lazy self-interest," that wants to cast the Filipinos upon the world in a state of helplessness before they acquire the full benefit of American civilization! Does it follow, that if the United States left the Filipinos to themselves, they would not still extend to them, as a free people, generous co-operation? Is it not possible for us still to play the part of "Big Brother," and secure to them, by diplomacy, a protection which our battleships could never do, namely,—the neutralization of the islands by consent of the big "P's" of the world. Of course, Secretary Stimson holds the anti-canteen legislation responsible for the "vice conditions,—the adjoining dives and ill resorts of the vilest character," which to use his own words, "Makes the record of our army, in this respect, shameful beyond that of the army of any civilized nation." Has it come to this? Has the United States no power to protect its army and navy from these degradations, other than running rival gin shops and going into the beer business? Not less, but more, anti-canteen legislation, would seem to be the demand of the situation.

Robert Collyer, the Inspirer

"Clergyman," "Learned Blacksmith," "Methodist Local Preacher," "Unitarian Minister in Chicago"; "Founder, and for nineteen years pastor, of the Unity Church, Chicago"; "Pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York, from the time he left Chicago until his death"; "Author of 'Nature and Life,' 'The Life That Now Is,' 'The Simple Truth,' 'Talks to Young Men,' 'History of Ilkley in Yorkshire,' 'Things New and Old.'"

These are some of the titles and sentences referring to Robert Collyer, to be found in "Who's Who In America," for the current year. Last Sunday there was a Memorial Service conducted in the present Unity Church, Chicago, old parishioners spoke lovingly of old associations and his early achievements.

The newspapers have placed due emphasis upon the spectacular incident which lifted the gloom of the great Fire, when the beloved pastor and great preacher stood upon the ashes not yet cold and spoke words of courage, and brave predictions of a nobler city and a greater church.

But all this is inadequate, if not misleading. It is well that Unity Church should remember its pastor, that the Unitarian denomination should rejoice in this conspicuous representative, but Robert Collyer was too big a man to be the possession of any denomination, and had too large a place in the history of Chicago to be adequately commemorated, by any one church. If Robert Collyer were to have an adequate memorial in this city, in which he bloomed into his

maximum power, and which he honored, it would be a memorial service where the toilers, men from the anvil and lathe, carriers of the hod and wielders of the trowel, would be represented. It would be a memorial representative of those who have worked for civic righteousness, the patriots of Chicago, the ragged remnant from the rank and file of the army which he inspired; also by all means, representatives of the noble women whose souls were enkindled by his words, and who went from under the ministry of his pulpit to serve the world, to inaugurate great things, to venture forth on high emprise. At this adequate memorial service there should be representatives of the public schools, those teachers who dared try new theories and venturesome innovations. At this adequate memorial of Robert Collyer, little babies in arms should be brought by the daughters and granddaughters of those who received his christening.

Further, at this adequate memorial in Chicago, there would be countless ministers, not using the Unitarian label, who would be glad to confess their indebtedness to the great blacksmith preacher, and who in all frankness confess their membership in the unlabeled fellowship, that "communion of saints," of which Robert Collyer was the poet and the prophet.

Robert Collyer received from across the water the title of Litt. D., an honor well earned and worthily bestowed. He was a lover of books and an interpreter of the interpreters,—Carlyle, Emerson and the rest of them. But his name claims a place not only in the history of Chicago and New York City, but in the history of the nation: not because he was a scholar and an orator, but because he was that something higher, an inspirer. In him the poet and the preacher stood in one pair of shoes. In his sermons the song of the bird and the clank of the anvil were blended, and rendered orchestral music. He was the man who made the daisy bloom in the crowded city, and the primrose bordered his path as he went about doing good. His words were things, his sentences were benedictions, and his smile was a commodity more precious than anything in the larder of the Bureau of Associated Charities.

On behalf of the unlisted, the interdenominationalists, the citizens, the rustics, the toiling multitude, and the dreamers who believe in the "Land of Nowheres" UNITY begs leave to lay this nosegay,—of way-side weeds or flowers, as the case may be,—upon the grave of the brave man who came out of a Yorkshire blacksmith's shop to inspire innumerable thousands of American youths with a more genuine faith in God and a more loving appreciation of man; which inspiration has stayed with multitudes of young men and women, has planted a radiance on the brow of the aged and made the pathway to the grave more beautiful.

Union Services

Among the signs of the times has been the Men and Religion Forward Movement. It indicated a weakening of interdenominational barriers and it has in turn made such barriers still weaker or even swept them away. Among the results of this movement are the Sunday evening union services of the Protestant churches in Ann Arbor, Mich. Prior to the Men and Religion Forward Movement such services would have been out of the question, but the feeling of intimacy and comradeship which has resulted from the numerous interdenominational activities connected with the movement, has made it possible for Congregational, Baptist, Presbyterian, Christian and Lutheran churches to unite for Sunday evening services. The absence of the Methodist and Unitarian churches from this list is the result of causes which render that absence without special significance.

At first it was intended that the union services should be held in the different churches in rotation but it was at once found that even the largest church, the Presbyterian, seating eight or nine hundred, was too small, for, as a rule, many persons were turned away. The president of the University of Michigan has been so interested as to urge the pastors to hold the meetings in "University Hall," which is the only auditorium in town, with the exception of the armory, that could accommodate the crowds. "It is certainly a treat," writes a correspondent in Ann Arbor, "to attend the services with their exceptionally fine music, an inspiring speaker and an audience that fills to the very full every corner of the church. . . . I think that it is safe also to say that there are far more people attending church on Sunday evening, under this union plan, than formerly."

The speakers for these meetings have been chosen from among the clergy and laity of all denominations and are often men of national reputation.

PERCY M. DAWSON.

THE QUESTION

Were the whole world good as you—not an atom better—
Were it just as pure and true,
Just as pure and true as you;
Just as strong in faith and works;
Just as free from crafty quirks;
All extortion, all deceit;
Schemes its neighbor to defeat;
Schemes its neighbors to defraud;
Schemes some culprit to applaud—
Would this world be better?

If the whole world followed you—followed to the letter—
Would it be a nobler world,
All deceit and falsehood hurled
From it altogether;
Malice, selfishness, and lust
Banished from beneath the crust
Covering human hearts from view—
Tell me, if it followed you,
Would the world be better?

—*The British Weekly.*

A Tower Hill Dinner

About ninety ladies and gentlemen, most of whom cherish delightful memories of long, peaceful days in the bosky dells of Tower Hill, gathered in Emerson Hall at the Abraham Lincoln Centre on Wednesday evening, December 4, incidentally to eat an excellent dinner, and primarily to show their appreciation of two friends whom Tower Hill delights to honor—and in so doing is itself honored. These two were the Hon. Robert S. Joiner, the first and for-many-years president of the Tower Hill Company, and Miss Zona Gale, a younger, more lately acquired, but very warmly welcomed, addition to the long list of Tower Hill's appreciative friends.

The home of the former is in Dodgeville, Wis. In that state, for over half a century, Mr. Joiner's name has spelled shrewd statesmanship, purity in politics and intelligent progress. Added to all these he possesses the observing eye and ear of the surveyor and hunter and a knack of expression that enables him to tell a true story of pioneer days in such a way that his audience sees clearly the untrodden forests, the buzzing lumber camps, the timid wood creatures, and the long twilight of the northern wilds. They hear the guttural voice of the stolid Indian, the highly decorated language of the woods-gang and the welcome call to "grub."

Jenkin Lloyd Jones acted as master of ceremonies on this occasion, and in introducing Mr. Joiner he said: "If you want to put your finger on the pioneer who is full of wood lore, full of Indian lore, the man who is the logical candidate for justice-of-the-peace, the man who ought to be, and generally is, sent to the legislature, go find a county surveyor, the man whose business it is to lay out lines, to settle disputes, to be the father confessor of pioneers. I have known several such; I have known one intimately.

"At last I have the chance I have waited for all these years in this big city—a chance to introduce "Rob" Joiner to a Chicago audience. Rob Joiner is a product of the West that is fast passing. He is the son of a Vermont pioneer who was state senator for nearly his natural life, and his son, is a citizen in the town where he has lived from childhood. He has been county surveyor from time immemorial; he has been justice-of-the-peace, chairman of the board of supervisors, county commissioner, and State sentor, and he would not be here now if Wisconsin knew its own business well enough, and had sense enough to put him where he belongs, the right man in the right place,—Rob Joiner ought to be in Washington today, in Congress. I take satisfaction in saying so to his face.

"He is going to give us a glimpse of the pioneer life, a bit of the woodsman's lore, that no other profession that I know of makes so accessible. He has surveyed mines and railroads, fixed the level of highways, laid the foundation of bridges and "scaled" logs. He has done all kinds of things that mean intelligence, energy and culture. My old neighbor and friend, Robert Joiner, is really, next perhaps to myself, responsible for Tower Hill as you know it. If I am the father of Tower Hill he is the grandfather. When other people laughed at my wild schemes, Rob Joiner went ahead and surveyed the Hill, and he directed the earlier organization. I don't know which story he is going to give us—they are all good. Go ahead, Rob, give us one of them."

In response to these words, and before offering his story of "Two Days' Adventures," which we hope to print later in these pages, Mr. Joiner said:

"I once gave an Indian a $4 watch and he went off and got a $16 chain and hung it onto that watch. I feel about like that watch after the introduction of my friend, Mr. Jones.

"I understand that most of the company present have been at Tower Hill. If so, they have probably heard many of my stories, because I have read them at Tower Hill. They were originally told to my children when I came back from the woods. They asked me to write them out so they could tell them to their children. Somehow or other some of the Tower Hill ladies found out that I had some such stories and they persuaded me to read them there years ago, and I have been reading them there, more or less, ever since. I am sure that the novelty of the life described in those stories is the charm in them to people who live lives that are so different."

As an interlude between the two speakers of the evening Miss Bertha Howe presented a number of stereopticon views of buildings and interesting and beautiful spots on the Hill, including the Emerson Pavillion, the Ann Mitchell Library, and several private cottages.

In presenting Miss Gale, who comes from Portage, Wis., Mr. Jones was reminded of his first visit to Portage many years ago. As a theological student, seeking whom he might impress with three brand new sermons, he was sent to Portage. Through some mis-connection he did not even receive a hearing, but was, to his secret relief, "turned down" before he preached a word. Last summer for the first time he again saw Portage, and he told us of a very different reception.

"I have always carried Portage in my heart as a sort of a dream parish, and when, last September, I was welcomed so heartily by the whole town, leading citizens, ministers,—everybody, extending the warm right hand, I felt as though I had come back in a peculiarly tender and mystic way to my own parish. The Portage that did not want me in 1868 met me with open arms in 1912.

"My representative at Portage, my assistant, my delegate pastor, is with us tonight, and although she has builded her parish in Friendship Village out of her own mind and heart, you who know Friendship Village, and who know my own dream and quest, I think will bear me out in the confession that the work I would have liked to have done in Portage is being done for me in a better and more effective way than any crude boy just from school could have done it.

"It is an unspeakable pleasure to welcome this dream parishoner of mine, this child of the parish that I never led, and to introduce her to my loyal friends of All Souls Church. Portage gave to me, after all, a hearing and a parish. It has given to us Zona Gale and Friendship Village."

Miss Gale read an exquisite little Christmas story to the evident delight of her audience, prefacing the reading with these few words:

"If the first part of Mr. Jones' story makes the only reason that I can conceive of why I should ever be sorry that I live in Portage, it has been softened—has it not?—by a dream, as everything is softened. And Portage in the meantime, as you would have known if you had seen the appreciation and the joy with which Mr. Jones was welcomed there last fall, has learned something in those years,—has learned perhaps to be human. That is why I am glad it chances that the slight story that I am going to read tonight is called 'Human.'"

To the great delight of everybody who reads the *Record-Herald,* and who knows just where to find the page that puts a streak of sunshine into many a gray Chicago day, and "stiffening" into many a discouraged, limp spinal column, Mr. S. E. Kiser was also discovered "among those present,' 'and he very kindly recited to us a couple of his poems.

Another pleasant episode was the reading of a characteristic letter from "the only" Lutie Stearns, president of the Tower Hill Congress, who could not make connections in her busy life so as to join us. Among other good things Miss Stearns said:

"I regret more and more that I could not have been born twins; then I could have had my heart's desire when such occasions as the present arise.

"I have always been grateful for having been included in the Tower Hill coterie, for I believe so thoroughly in its purpose and in what it is accomplishing. That is why I am anxious to take it 'round the world', that others may imitate it and reap the fruits of its benefits. I hope, therefore, that it will take kindly to being routed out of its warm nest occasionally, for the greater good it can do in a larger mission.

'There should be a thousand 'Tower Hills' in Wisconsin instead of one."

Another, almost a charter member of the group sometimes called "Tower Hillians," Miss Evelyn H. Walker, sent in her stead this poem, inspired by hours spent in the Ann Mitchell Library listening to Mr. Jones' reading of Miss Gale's Friendship Village stories.

IN THE ANNE MITCHELL LIBRARY,
September, 1910

Those golden evenings may I ne'er forget,
Those hours that sped too swiftly in their flight,
The blazing hearth, the glowing heart of oak,
The soaring fancies glowing still more bright,
The circle close and ever closer drawn,
Rapt in the tale of village hopes and fears,
Lit ever and anon by gleam of stars
Or touched with bitter-sweet too deep for tears.
O humble village folk, in thee again
The Christ is born and homes kept angel-wise,
Transfigured in the light of common lives,
Laid on the altars of self-sacrifice.
Vision met Vision on the Mount of Dreams
When Friendship Village came to Tower Hill;
Up from the sward the Village Beautiful,
In form and spirit, shall the Word fulfill.

EVELYN H. WALKER.

Ann Arbor Mich., November 28, 1912.

Mr. Jones' closing words were:

"After this evening I am sure you will understand better what I meant when I said a while ago that Tower Hill is a state of mind, a spiritual condition, as well as a geographical point. This is the first time we have attempted to round up the constituents, who have been accumulating for twenty-one years, at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. The alumni of Tower Hill are scattered far and wide, but the very name is a tie that binds them together. In their name, as well as in the name of the Tower Hill Company, I thank you for your presence and rejoice in your fellowship, and —on your behalf, I am sure,—I thank Miss Gale and Mr. Joiner for their presence and their contributions to our pleasure tonight." A. L. K.

DIRGE

On Hearing of the Violation of the Panama Treaty.

Now toll the bell,
The slow and fatal bell,
Let hill and valley hear the lingering knell,
As for every son of Fame
At whose death the land stood still,
As tho there were no greater ill.
Gathered all the tears for such
Into one fount of sorrow, not too much
It were for this one, murdered in immortal shame!
The trembling struggle now is o'er,
Ended the hope and dread;
The greatest of our greatest is no more:
Honor is dead!

Now drape with black,
Darken the day
With solemn and insistent black,
Till Night herself the speech of grief shall seem to lack.
Since Honor was the pillar of the State,
Let every public shaft the general mourning mate.
Drape the white beacon of the Capitol
That thrilled us from afar—
Our faith, our egis, and our star;
Let black encompass it from Hall to Hall,
Nor spare the storied wall
Whence Webster's voice to duty made its mighty call.
Drape the White Mansion where, another desperate day,
Our stainless Lincoln lay.
(It looked so white but yesterday!)
Nor spare the tower whose crest, when day is done,
Above the glooming night
Holds glowing in the light
The thought of Washington.
Thank God these died before
Men to each other said:
"The greatest of our greatest is no more:
Honor is dead."

Ay, speak the unwelcome word,
Droop the shamed head, but speak!
When Sages' sight is blurred
The silent are the weak.
What tho the dagger plead no dire intent,
Loud is the land's lament:
Our best is slain, slain, slain!
Not by a hand insane,
As thrice the deed was done;
Not by a foreign foe
The hideous and surpassing blow;
But by sworn guardians of the people's trust—
All parties for the moment merged in one,
Since 'twas too great a crime for faction's single thrust.
Cæsar at Pompey's feet deserved his fate
But not our candid State,
That had begun to teach the world a new way to be great.
O ye that blindly struck and ye that led,
Hark to the land's lament from shore to shore:
"The greatest of our greatest is no more,
Honor is dead."

In the New York Times. —Robert Underwood Johnson.

Something More Than Red Cross Relief Needed

Within one short month after the young Montenegrin prince fired the opening shot in the Balkan war, one hundred thousand able-bodied young men have been killed or partially shot to pieces. In addition, cholera was reported to be laying low one thousand daily. Eye-witnesses tell us that the scenes in the theater of war are indescribably terrible. In such an hour of need the Red Cross issues an appeal for funds for the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers. In the name of humanity, contributions are asked.

Let us consider the humaneness of the Red Cross method. The movement originated with Henri Dunant soon after the bloody battle of Solferino. His experiences in searching out and ministering to the wounded left him to organize volunteer groups for aid to the sufferers. Out of this humble beginning grew the Red Cross idea and the Red Cross movement. In 1864 the International Congress at Geneva voted to neutralize doctors and nurses on the battlefield, and the Hague conferences extended the provisions of the Treaty of Geneva to apply to naval warfare also. At first the Red Cross limited its activities to relieving sufferings on the battlefield. Of late, however, it has broadened its scope so as to include among its beneficiaries the sufferers from such disasters as the San Francisco and Messina earthquakes, the Cherry mine explosion and the Paris floods. It also assists in fighting epidemics and tuberculosis. The plan is, I understand, to have sufficient funds in the treasury to enable the organization immediately to meet any emergency which may arise, without delaying one single minute to raise special funds. Certainly this is a noble and truly statesmanlike undertaking.

Unhappily, if we may believe the reports of the Ninth International Red Cross Conference (held at Washington, D. C., May 7-17, 1912), this work of the Red Cross in times of peace is regarded as quite secondary to its work in war. Let me quote from Baron Korff's account of said conference: "This work during times of peace is a splendid school for the Red Cross, keeping its organization in active running order and giving it practical experience that is of incalculable value in case of war. Only by thus working during times of peace can the Red Cross prepare itself and make itself efficient for its great object, the relief of wounded in times of war....." The head of the French delegation, General Michal, gave a very good example of the case by saying that if the Red Cross should not work during times of peace preparing itself for the work in time of war, it would be like a fire engine never tried before a fire, so that when a fire really broke out and the engine was needed, it would be found that the machinery was rusted and the engine would not work." (See American Journal of International Law, October, 1912, p. 859.) From the Red Cross standpoint, therefore, relief work in cases of natural calamities like fire, flood, earthquake and pestilence, is only practice. The real function of the Red Cross is realzied only when the game of war is in full blast. That is to say, unavoidable suffering may be relieved, although this is relatively unimportant; but in the relief of suffering deliberately and mechanically inflicted on a wholesale scale by man-made wars, the Red Cross finds its keenest joy. Is such "humaneness" genuine? Is such relief scientific? Let us consider the latter question first. In all modern sciences, prophylactics is the watchword, rather than therapeutics —prevention, rather than cure. Good physicians lay greater stress on hygiene than on medicines. Scientific charity seeks to remove the causes of poverty more than to relieve existing need. Great lawyers are paid handsome salaries to settle controversies before said controversies get into the courts. Foresters fight wood fires by enlisting co-operation for the prevention of timber conflagrations. This is the dictum of modern science—relieve by preventing. Purely on the ground of economic efficiency, therefore, it is better to spend money for the organization of a warless world than to spend it to bind up wounds inflicted in the unnecessary game of war. A peace society is a more scientifically economical investment for philanthropy than is Red Cross relief. If you want to relieve wounded soldiers, the cheapest and the best way to do it is to complete the international machinery at The Hague and make soldiering unnecessary.

And now for our second question—is Red Cross relief genuinely humane? Certainly it is humane to relieve suffering. But what shall we say of an organization which, though preaching humaneness, does not commence its real work until human suffering has been deliberately brought about in battle? The Red Cross has nothing to say about the prevention of wars. It virtually says, "Go ahead, play the game in the interest of kings and money trusts and a military aristocracy, and when you have shot to pieces 100,000 mothers' sons we will do the 'humane' act for the 'civilized' world." If this be "humaneness," then the world has not yet learned what scientific and genuine humaneness means. Such "humaneness" is a mockery of the 10,000 dead and 60,000 wounded Bulgarians alone, not to mention the other Balkan allies and the unknown toll of Turkish casualties. Such "humaneness" is a mockery of the widows, sorrowing sweethearts, mourning parents and fatherless children. Such "humaneness" is a mockery of justice, truth and consistency. War times may be harvest seasons for Red Cross treasuries, but they are times of drouth and blasting for truth and morals and the cause of humanity.

Presidents (who appeal vociferously for arbitration and then call for more battleships and tear up Panama treaty obligations) may lend their names and accept honorary offices. Empresses may endow with funds and bestow decorations. Let us not be dazzled by these things. Names can be secured for any enterprise. Money is contributed with little practical business discrimination. Our task is to learn to think calmly, see clearly and act scientifically. When once you organize peace internationally, battlefield Red-Crossism becomes unnecessary. And until you have organized peace internationally, battlefield Red-Crossism is a confession of our "Christian" hypocrisy, a mockery of common sense, and blasphemy against the God of goodness and of people.

CHARLES E. BEALS,
Secretary of Chicago Peace Society.

The Study Table

De Vries on Mutation*

There lie before us two bulky volumes of de Vries' *Mutation Theory*. Nothing since Darwin has so much shaken long accepted and well supported views in biological theory. The general public has an uneasy feeling that by de Vries' discoveries and claims all which Darwin did is undone, and that the very foundations of evolution theories have crumbled. Such a feeling is unwarranted. The derivation of species from previous, different species is an idea due chiefly to Darwin and it is now generally accepted. But the question as to *how* new species arise is bitterly argued, and de Vries *is* the leader of a vigorous assault upon the theory of natural selection. Darwin held that all species were variable; that within any given species vast numbers of individuals varied from the normal form in every conceivable direction and in various degrees; the variants may be arranged in series so that the variation from one individual to another will be almsot imperceptible; in the struggle for existence the unfit die and those which are slightly advantaged by their variation survive; through this natural selection useful variations are gradually accumulated and strengthened until new species arise. The time required for the process is long and the steps of transition are inappreciable. Darwin himself never carried the theory to its utmost limits; Alfred Russell Wallace developed it to its extremest form. De Vries admits that there is fluctuating variation within the limits of species, but he denies that either natural or artificial selection can take the variants and build up a new species through them. He claims that the source of new species is not small variation, continually selected through a long period of time, but the sudden appearance of forms differing strikingly from the parent form, and which is constant after it once appears. To such abrupt and pronounced variations, commonly called *sports*, he gives the name of *mutations*. Darwin *knew mutations* and distinguished them from fluctuating variations, but failed to realize the profound biological difference between them and the significantly different way in which they stand to the matter of the origin of species. De Vries is a botanist and his whole argument is based upon botanical facts. He has for many years made interesting experiments upon evening primroses. From the species *œnothera lamarchiana* he has bred a whole series of new species, which are sharply marked off by easily defined characters from each other and from the parent form, and which are constant, breeding true through generations. In other words, he seems to have caught a new species, which is continually giving rise to new species, in the very act. Such mutating species are rare. De Vries' observations lead him to think that species have alternating periods of constancy, invariability and fixity, and of mutation. Most plant species are at this moment in the state of constancy; some, like *Oenothera lamarchiana*, are in a mutation period; others, like *Draba verna*, with two hundred sub species, or elementary species, have recently passed through a mutation period. De Vries presents his experiments and observations in great detail. In connection with his study he reaches some new ideas regarding heredity and develops the fact and significance of "unit characters." The conception of unit characters he develops from a wide range of facts and experiments relative to tricotyls, syncotyls, fasciation and twisting. For him a species is a definite combination or aggregation of unit characters; a "sport" or mutation differs from its parent species in being a different aggregation—one or more unit characters having been added or dropped out. The cause of the appearance of a "sport" is at present unknown, although a long series of experiments warrants the assumption that is often due in part to external influences. All these points are fully developed by our author. In closing he discusses the relation of his ideas to geological time. Physicists and astronomers are today loath to grant such vast periods as the geologist used to claim. The shortness of geological time is one of the serious difficulties in the way of the theory of natural selection. De Vries shows that the origin of new species through mutation more easily fits within the possible time limits. In closing this brief notice of a most important work, it is proper to state that, while botanists are ready to accept De Vries' views, zoologists do not hold them in such high favor.

FREDERICK STARR.

*The Mutation Theory of the Origin of Species in the Vegetable Kingdom. Hugo de Vries. Chicago: 1909-1910. The Open Court Publishing Co. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. xv, 582; vii, 683. Price, $8 net.

A Bunch of Books

FROM THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

THE BUSINESS OF BEING A WOMAN is the work of Ida M. Tarbell. She talks about the uneasy woman; the woman that wants to be a man; and then how to socialize your home, create real democracy and fundamental happiness. There is no great confidence expressed in modern woman. All the same I believe we are in a passageway over to a nobler type of woman than we have ever had. Our New England mothers, with all their sweet motherliness and strength of piety, were very narrow. I believe a woman can be evolved great enough to take in modern life and thought and yet be a mother. I do not believe we have reached the end when we come to a feminine who wants twenty dresses a year, up to five hundred, and whose highest ideal of pleasure is gambling with bridge.

Prof. Peter Roberts' book on THE NEW IMMIGRATION is a really valuable contribution to American literature. It covers the whole subject and does it admirably—that is thoroughly. It will remove the fear which has grown up of late concerning the new sort of immigrant. The book deserves the very widest circulation. Its illustrations are incomparably valuable.

From what I have gathered MY LOVE AND I, by Martin Redfield, is a sort of a book that I shall personally like. I am longing for a few quiet old-fashioned stories. I like to shove my Morris chair near the fire, in the open fireplace, toast my feet and read a story that will make me happy. I hate these horribly over-strung and complex pulls of the imagina-

tion. A real novel is not abnormal, exciting, extraordinary, but a peace giver, restful for the mind.

THE DRIFTING DIAMOND, is written by Lincoln Colcord. It is a diamond that I am willing should drift on.

THE ART OF EDUCATION, by Prof. Howerth of the University of California, is readable and well argued, but I cannot convince myself that it has a very important place among the books on education. It is plain enough to anybody that to awaken interest and retain it is the main object of the teacher. Why not cut this book in two and begin with the seventh chapter, that is, with Methods of Arousing Interest. We have such a pressure along this line of educative effort that we cannot afford to spend any time arguing, when argument has been already exhausted.

Here is a delightful volume entitled MORNINGS WITH THE MASTERS OF ART. This is an effort to interpret the development of Christian art from Constantine to Michaelangelo. It is highly illustrated and the text and pictures go together. It is a good book to inform those who cannot travel extensively. It is the work of H. H. Powers, president of the Bureau of University Travel.

THE HEART OF THE CHRISTIAN MESSAGE, is a bright discussion of the message of Christ, as it has been modified, unfolded or closed up by the different races and ages through which it has made its appeal. Not a profound work, it is nevertheless in full key with our modern thought and the latest phase of evolution. It is the work of Prof. George Baeton of Bryn Mawr.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY OF RELIGION, by Prof. Leuba, also of Bryn Mawr. There is a great deal in this volume, but I do not see that it carries us one foot ahead of preceding books. I find nothing new, and I must confess that the presentation seems to lack purpose.

Here is a delightful and valuable book entitled JUST BEFORE THE DAWN, by Robert Cornell Armstrong of Kobe, Japan. This book describes the conditions in Japan just before the dawn of the present era of enlightenment. It is practically the life and works of Ninomiya Sontoku, the sage of Japan. One can never fail to be deeply interested in these great religious and intellectual movements, which arise in all lands and in all ages. The trouble with Japan at present seems to be that its ethics are based on too narrow a basis, that is on loyalty to the emperor.

KINGS IN EXILE, is by the author of JIM HANDS. I have not read this book, but I surely will read any thing that Richard W. Childs writes. I only hope that he will not get to working up novels out of very raw material. JIM HANDS was all right.

One of Clifton Johnson's picturesque River Series is at hand. This time it is the PICTURESQUE ST. LAWRENCE. You could not get a better river to describe, nor one on whose banks can be found more of the romantic. Mr. Johnson knows just how to work the matter up. If you want to read a book about the North and the Canadian wilds, without the trouble of traveling, try this one.

I have a magnificent work, rightly entitled OBSERVATIONS AND IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTH AMERICA, by James Bryce. Of course, we have all of us longed to follow Mr. Bryce in the tracks of Humboldt; but few of us could do it, and if we could have done it, fewer still have the eyes to see what he has. The book throws a bright light on those young nations which are struggling into manhood in South America. Safe from any attack from the Northern States, they are at the same time protected by the Monroe Doctrine from any assault from Europe. I wish every American boy and girl were compelled, during his school days, to study the real nature, origin and development of the wonderful political and social scheme, briginated by the great Canning, but endorsed as the Monroe Doctrine, by the fifth President of the United States.

JESUS, by George Holley Gilbert of Leipzig University, is one of the very ablest, and at the same time manliest, discussions of Jesus that we have yet had. When I picked it up I was inclined to toss it on a pile of the semi-legendary, but enthusiastic stuff, written by the bushel by ardent devotees of creeds, rather than of Jesus himself. We have so nearly lost the real Jesus out of our churches that it is high time something were done to recall him. The author says that those who originated the stories of the miraculous birth of Jesus doubtless believed what they wrote. The world had not yet come into an era of recognizing law and order. Well, we are surely coming back to a sane and very lovable appreciation of this masterful character. This book will help us.

THE RICH MRS. BURGOYNE, by Kathleen Norris, the author of MOTHER, is a thoroughly delightful book. You can read it with unstinted praise.

Magnificent! Rational! Why should we not have had long ago the complete works of Chaucer in modern English; and why should they not come to us with all the spirit of the real Chaucer? We have had histoires of English literature, dry and bony, and cared for by no one except specialists in English literature. Here we begin (what ought to be continued right along down the line) the first volume of English literature for English folk. I believe Macmillans can give us just the speaking history of what the English people have done. As for superb work in the way of print and paper and illustrations I have seen nothing this long while to compare with this book, THE MODERN READER'S CHAUCER, done by Mackaye and Tatlock, two of our finest English scholars. You will regret it very much, if you have any taste for English literature, that you do not get this remarkable volume. It is beautiful through and through.

THE CARE OF THE BODY, by Prof. Woodworth of Columbia University. This book on personal hygiene is the very best I have ever seen for a man to use who wishes to lead a wholesome life. I pick it out of the pile to put into the family library, where every member of the household will be expected to study it. It is not a dull book, however, but helps a man to understand himself.

CHILD LABOR IN CITY STREETS is by Prof. Clopper. I am not in full sympathy with much that is done lately to relieve the young people of toil. My conviction is very strong that we are talking quite too much about labor as an evil.

Here also is A HISTORY OF THE LITERATURE OF ANCIENT ISRAEL, by Prof. Fowler of Brown University. The book is ideal every way, and if you are interested in this direction you will get a feast. It

undertakes to give us a connected story of the growth of Israel's thought.

Of great moment is the appearance of Prof. Rauschenbusch's CHRISTIANIZING THE SOCIAL ORDER. This volume is a blossoming out of his first book, CHRISTIANITY AND THE SOCIAL CRISIS, published five years ago. The two together constitute as good a discussion of the social awakening in our churches and the reformation that has opened the twentieth century as anything we have. I should rather say they constitute a chapter in the winding up of a great revolution of thought and work that has been going on since Luther. It was absolutely necessary that we should get into the reign of reason, and it was slow work doing it. There is just a flush in this last volume that leads one to believe the Professor credits himself with being an original leader. He may take it to heart that he is only one of a long sucession of revolutionists. Strange to say, the one of the whole line who saw clearest and spoke bravest was the first rebel in America—none other than Theodore Parker. When the time comes that we have a reorganized church, putting all the moral force of the people to the rescuing of this world from the damnation of ignorance and the conceit of bigotry, then this great name, Theodore Parker, must be written at the top of the column. Seventy-five years ago the rebellion was creeping slowly into the orthodox churches, while Unitarianism was too generally contenting itself with a side issue. It was necessary to convert Unitarianism and Universalism, and then to create a great unity, for co-operative work in the name of the Father of Infinite Love and the Brotherhood of mankind. The history of UNITY fits into this great struggle. I remember well in 1893, during the Parliament of Religion, when Jenkin Lloyd Jones beckoned me from one of the halls and said: "I want you tonight to meet with a few more for permanent organization." It was the first stroke for absolute church affiliation in America. It had been talked of before by Hamilton, of Oakland, by Glidden, of the Independent, by Conway, of everywhere, and by a few more. We had little private clubs of free thinkers, but generally speaking there was nothing but slavery. Now listen to the chorus, rising everywhere, calling great conventions at Chicago, Boston and New York, everywhere in the name of fellowship. Yes, Theodore Parker! We have at last come to believe that the voice of honor, truth and love that speaks through Buddha is the same as that which came through the noble Gallilean. The particularly attractive part of the book before us is its discussion of socialism. The author says rightfully that it is one of the chief powers of the coming age. Its fundamental aims are righteous, not because they are socialistic, but because they are human. Yet the only thing that will last is the reign of God in humanity; and the reign of God is vastly higher than socialism. Well, read the book and you will not regret it.

THE HEROINE IN BRONZE, is by James Lane Allen. Mr. Allen cannot write badly if he tries. His life flows through his pen. Yet I do not like this book. I am longing for a diet of good old-fashioned New England stories, such as came from Mrs. Phelps and Mrs. Jewett.

LITERARY DIGEST is just as good as ever and we note that it has a new cover. We like it best when it has a plain old-fashioned look, but then its inside material is so brave and wisely edited that we can stand any sort of a handshake.

FROM THE HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN COMPANY

I am in receipt of the last volume published for Samuel McChord Crothers. I suppose Dr. Crothers is not a stranger to anyone, especially to anyone who reads the *Atlantic Monthly*. His volumes are made of sparkling essays, that is, they sparkle just about enough. They are honest and sincere, and in many ways deep discussions of current questions, but they are very bright and taking. Dr. Crothers is one of those men who stand by the truth, whether it is dressed up in pious verbiage or in what we might call Progressive language. Perhaps we can describe him best in his own description of William James—"an unsparing critic of things as they are, but his criticism left us in no mood of depression. Our interest is with things as they are going to be. The universe is growing. Let us grow with it."

LINDA, by Margaret Prescott Montague is a good novel, in more than the ordinary sense, but I do not see how we are advantaged by reading such yarns. There is a deal of the noble in it after all. It comes out all right and we make a dash for the sunshine. The Lord be praised that this world is not made up everywhere of these terrific tragedies.

Here is CEASE FIRING, by Mary Johnston. You have probably already read THE LONG ROLL, and to say that this is another part of the same story is enough. It is powerful writing every page of it. I am glad that we are passing so far away from the Civil War that the very echoes sound strange.

FROM LITTLE, BROWN & CO.

Mary Waller gives us another novel entitled A CRY IN THE WILDERNESS. It is not equal to THE WOOD CARVER OF 'LYMPUS, nor to FLAMSTEAD QUARRIES, nor to SANNA, not as I read it, yet it is a much stronger book than we get from an ordinary dozen of the best novels. It has in it too much of the extraordinary to suit my taste.

FROM PUTNAM SONS CO.

I have a book entited WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN. Why it should not have been called Jefferson and Robert Lee I do not know. In reality it is a book to sketch American history by eras, and these eras are represented by groups of leaders. The Washington group is here, and the Lincoln group or Civil War group. So also is the constitutional group and the national group. In fact it would be rather difficult to give the volume either a descriptive title or a title in no way misleading. The author's aim, he says, is to establish the relation of Lincoln to Washington, and he undertakes to do it along this constitutional route, showing them to have been really at work on the same problem.

E. P. POWELL.

Let us thank God in some grand, true way for the world we live in, more beautiful and excellent still than all the seers have told; for the land we live in, the nursing mother of all who will look to her.—*Robert Collyer.*

What Shall We Say?

As teachers of private and to some extent of public morals what shall we say to the gigantic parade on the Hudson of miles on miles of war vessels on their way from the Tax Bureau to the Junk-shop?

Let us look on this mighty array of ships splendidly equipped and manned by able and worthy men, the whole never to be needed, and never under any conceivable circumstances to be other than a burden and a danger to the nation which displays it. We are told that a purpose of this pageant of the ships is to "popularize the navy." This may mean to get us used to it, and to paying for it, which is the chief function of the people in these great affairs. Or it may mean to work upon the public imagination so that we may fill the vacancies in the corps of sailors and marines who "glare" at us "through their absences." By all means let us popularize the Navy! It is our Navy, we have paid for it, and it is for the people to do what they please with it! "For after all, this is the people's country." And perhaps we could bring it nearer to our hearts and thoughts if we should paint on the white side of each ship, its cost in taxes, in the blood and sweat of working men, in the anguish of the "Man Lowest Down." There is the good ship North Dakota, for example. Her cost is almost exactly the year's earnings of the prosperous state for which she is named. The fine Dreadnoughts who fear nothing while the nation is in its senses and in war nothing but a torpedo boat or an aerobomb, it would please the working man to know that his wages for 20,000 years would purchase a ship of this kind; and that the wages of 1,600 of his fellows each year would keep it trim and afloat. As the procession moves by, he will see ships that have cost as much as Cornell or Yale or Princeton or Wisconsin, and about as much as Harvard or Columbia, and on the flag ship at the last these figures might be summed up, the whole costing as much as an American workmen would earn perhaps in two million years, a European workman in four million and an Asiatic in eight million; as much let us say as all the churches, ministers, and priests in the Christian world have cost in half a century. These figures may be not all correct. It would require an expert statistician to make them so. But it would be worth while.

If all this is needed to ensure the peace *it endangers*, by all means let us have it. There is no cost we cannot afford to pay if honorable peace is at stake. But let us be convinced that peace is really at stake, and that this is the means to secure it. There are some who think that Christian fellowship, the demands of commerce and a civil tongue in a foreign office do more for a nation's peace than any show of force.

"Man," observes Bernard Shaw, "is the only animal that esteems itself rich in proportion to the number and voracity of its parasites."

What shall we say to "free ships" and the Panama Canal? If our nation has agreed to treat all ships alike including our own, let us stand by that agreement. Of violation of treaties we have been more than once accused. If we know what we have promised, let us stand by it, even though it seems strange that we cannot "throw our money to the birds" while every other nation is free to do it. But why "throw our money to the birds"? Do "the birds" require it, or appreciate it? What claim have coastwise steamships of the United States to use our canal at the expense of the American people? But these are "our ships" we say. Since when have they become "our ships"? Have the New York and London capitalists who owned them ever turned them over to us? Have they ever agreed to divide their profits with those who make great profits possible? The great enemy of democracy is privilege. To grant a concession of any sort having money value without a corresponding return is "privilege." The granting of privilege in the past is the source of most of the great body of political evils from which the civilized world suffers today. While declaiming against privilege, even while exalting its curtailment as the greatest of national issues today, we start new privilege without hesitation. We thow into the hands of an unknown group of men, to become sooner or later, a shipping trust, a vast unknown and increasing sum of money extorted by indirect taxation from the people of this country. No accounting is asked from them; no returns for our generosity. We give them yearly, to begin with, as much as an American laborer can earn in 12,000 years, in other words, we place at their service and at our expense 12,000 of our working men. From our tax-roll we pass over to them the payments each year of 30,000 families. And all because these are our ships. "Our ships"; we have here the primal fallacy of privilege, a fallacy dominant the world over, and which is the leading agent in the impending bankruptcy of this spendthrift world.

In Europe and America taxes have doubled in the last fifteen years, and half of this extra tax has gone to build up "our ships," "our bankers," "our commerce," "our manufactures," "our promoters," "our defense" in nation after nation, while the "man lowest down" who bears the brunt of these taxes is never called on to share its benefits. The ships that bear our flag in order to go through our canal at our expense are not "our ships." By very fact of free tolls, we know them for the ships of our enemy, for the arch-enemy of democracy is privilege.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

IMMORTAL

How living are the dead!
Enshrined, but not apart.
How safe within the heart
We hold them still—our dead,
Whatever else be fled!

Our constancy is deep
Toward those who lie asleep,
Forgetful of the strain and mortal strife
That are so large a part of this our earthly life.

They are our very own;
From them—from them alone
Nothing can us estrange—
Nor blight autumnal; no, nor wintry change.
The midnight moments keep
A place for them; and though we wake to weep,
They are beside us; still, in joy, in pain—
In every crucial hour, they come again,
Angelic from above—
Bearing the gifts of blessing and of love—
Until the shadowy path they lonely trod
Becomes for us a bridge that upward leads to God.

—*Florence Earle Coates.*

Whatever you do, never let a painful inspection rob you of a great expectation. If, as you live, you try to live faithfully, then, as the Lord liveth, try to live hopefully, or you will miss the better half of your living.—*Robert Collyer.*

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ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN
DEPARTMENT EDITOR.....MRS. WILLIAM KENT

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

CHINESE GIRLS AFTER THE REVOLUTION

Describing the effect of the Revolution on Chinese girls Dr. Ramlal Sarkar says in his interesting account of the Revolution in China in the *Kartik* number of *The Prabasi*:

Only two years back these girls, whom we see at parade before thousands of people here would flee to hide themselves at a corner of their house at the sight of a stranger. China is already making rapid strides and leaving all other nations of Asia behind. The system of compulsory education has been introduced in this country. Young women, both married and unmarried, are being sent to school under compulsion. Any school girl tying her feet is fined Rs 2, and he who does not send his children to school is fined Rs 5. There was before not the slightest trace of female education in China. The Chinese are demolishing all gods in their temples, converting these temples into schools and factories. It is not possible to distinguish a girl from a boy, the same sort of dress being permitted in the case of each till the age of 4 or 5. This is why, to know the sex of a child, one has even now to ask whether the child is meant for the kitchen or for the school. If the reply is for the kitchen, the child is a girl. It is no small wonder that she who has been meant all along for the kitchen should pass so soon to the school. The leaders of the Revolution are up and doing. They would either do or die. Agitation is going on throughout the country about the best means of promoting the country's wealth, of acquainting the people of the miserable condition of the country through the spread of education, and of preserving the country from the grasp of the foreigner. * * * By various lectures and pamphlets love of country is sought to be infused into the hearts of women, who bid fair to be a great factor in building up the strength of the nation. It is said that here and there women enlisted themselves in revolutionary armies and fought in the war of independence at all hazards.—*The Indian Messenger.*

A NEW DEVICE

The ceilings of the Washington Hotel in Aberdeen have a system of water pipes extending to each room of every floor. Short distances apart are plugs that melt off when the temperature rises above 140 degrees, and the water floods the room. Absolutely no danger from fire, but one lives in the constant threat of a shower bath and trembles at the thought of what some imp might do on Hallow Eve. The reason more hotels don't have this sprinkler business is that Washington paid $10,000 for its installation.—*The Lyceumite.*

So what cares the lover for storm or drift,
Or peril of death on the haggard way?
He sings to himself like a lark in the lift,
And the joy in his heart turns December to May.

—*Robert Collyer.*

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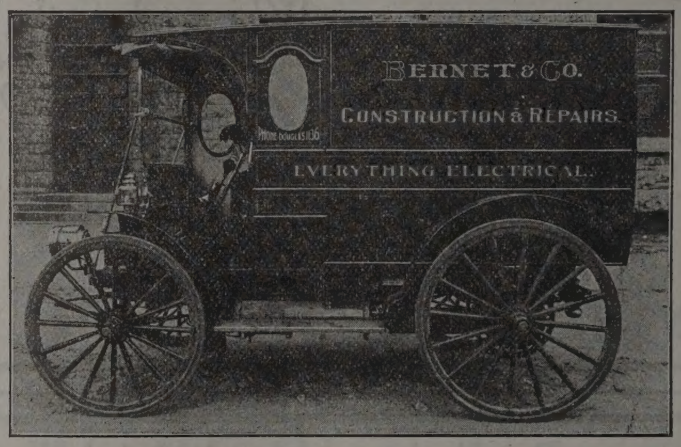

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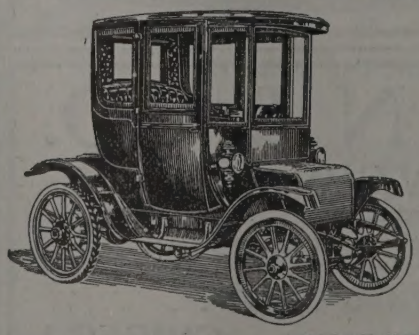

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